

.

*On the barren hilltop,
lying on the rock,
My soul is caught in
web of dark, dense clouds.
A cry rises from my heart.
The rock trembles at the touch of the breeze.
A huge whirlwinds,
halts as it passes by.
Papers fly out of the newspaper truck,
Coming towards the village, raising dust.
the clouds darkened even more.
And in broad daylight,
The village was seen going into darkness.*